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MARY

QUEEN,

Of *SCOTS DOWARY*,

When

Married to the *Dauphine* of *France*.

EPITHALAMIUM

UPON

The Marriage of *Mary* Queen of *Scots* to the *Dauphin* of *France*; afterwards *Francis* the Second.

WHAT ſudden heat inſpires my lab'ring Mind?
Why *Phœbus*, long a Stranger, now ſo kind?
Parnaſſus Grove which had forbore to ſing
Does with revived *Jo Pæans* ring.
Of late I mind the Lawrels with'red were
My Pray'rs to Muſes vaniſht in the Air
Mercurius and *Appollo* Gods of Wit
Were ſtun'd, as with a melancholly fitt;
Now *Phœbus* Shrines are patent, and the Sound
Of Myſtic *Oracles* break from the Ground
The Muſes with freſh Bayes adorn the Brow,
And ne're were ſeen more prodigal then now;
Their Fields are gay, their Waters flow amain;
Their Woods with verdant beauty grace the plain.
If Fame erre not, Great *Sir*, the ſplendid Show,
This mighty Change is wrought to honour you,
And who is worthier of the Muſes care:
If we recount the Triumphs gain'd in War
By your Anceſtors or the Calm of Peace
Devoted unto Arts and Sciences;

It's an undoubted Truth. Hence publick Joys
With loud Applauſe invade the *Azure* Skies;
Nothing is hear'd but Jollity and Love
Which throw the univerſal Maſs doth move;
Hymen is come, with him the happy day
So long expected chaſes Night away.
You've got, moſt noble *Dauphin*, your Deſire
What more cou'd Heav'ns beſtow or Man require?
No longer blame your Stars, nor dull delay,
Nor Sun, nor Moon for cutting ſlow their Way
For all demur's you're largely recompenſ't
Which had the Heav'ns to former times diſpenſ't;
The *Grecian* had not mourn'd his raviſht Wife;
No *Trojan* in the Quarrel loſt his Life:
And without hundred part ſo much adoe,
Venus to *Paris* had been juſt and true;
She had to him the faireſt Woman giv'n
That ere was drawn by Art, or fram'd by Heav'n
A Prize indeed fit for him to have ta'ne,
And for combyning *Greece* to ſeek again,
Nor is your Zeal ſhort of the *Trojan* Prince,
Or *Grecian* in your Spouſes juſt Defence,
But kindly the indulgent Pow'rs above
Gave you at home an Object of your Love,
That Paſſion which with Infancy began,
Took firmer root ſtill as you grew to Man;
You by no Proxie as moſt Monarchs woo'd
Nor did you fear that Fame ſhould you delude
Which aggrandizes diſtant Qualities,
And baſely ſneakes when they apgroach the Eyes;
No Sighs, nor am'rous Billets you did vent,
Nor fear'd divulging of the Meſſage ſent;
Your own dear ſelf the God, like Nymph ſurvey'd
A conſtant Witneſs what ſhe did or ſaid:
Your Flame did not from Luxury ariſe,

Which

Which uncontroul'd, o'rleaps all legal Tyes,
From youthful Paſſion or unruly Heat,
But from a Virtue than her Sex more great,
From piercing Wit which in her early ſhin'd,
And baſhful Modeſty with Scepters joyn'd
From Divine Features, an unſampled Grace,
Which darted conqu'ring Beauty from her Face.
Avant uncertain and a lingring care,
Your utmoſt Wiſhes to your ſight appear
The Mellow Fruits you coveted ſo long
You may now gather unafrai'd of wrong
No coy deluſive Viſions of the Night
Shall make you fret at your abuſed ſight:
The Marriage GOD will now conjoin your hands
In the ſure tyes of ſacred Nuptial Bands
E're long you may in ſoft embraces twine
Snatch balmie ſmacks, and ſomewhat more Divine
How violent ſo e're be your deſire
Let Moderation quench the blazing fire
Let orhers ſhare with you the happy day
You ſhall the lovely Night alone enjoy
Yet all it's ſweets you ſhan't monopolize
We in conjunction with you muſt rejoice:
We to the GODS with Vows and Prayers have ſought
And pious Off'rings to their Altars brought
What ever paſſion mov'd you, mov'd us too
And thus we imitate what e're you do,
With great difficulty could we digeſt
Theſe loath'd retardments did your bliſs moleſt
Since now kind Heav'n doth ſolid Mirth beſtow
A gen'ral gladneſs dimples every brow
Such pondrous Joys Mens trembling heart ſtrings wear
Too ſtrong for weak Mortality to bear.
Thrice happy *Pair*, born in a lucky time
And in a luckier, Marri'd in this Clime

The Worlds united Harmony conſpires
To feed your hopes and favour your deſires;
And may you lead a long triumphant Life
Mar'd by no blemiſh of domeſtick ſtrife:
If ſome Impoſture genius do not move
My breaſt, there's nothing can disjoin your Love
That Love join'd by the ſacred tyes of *Blood*
Friendſhip and Leagues, and *Laws* and all that's good.
Advance then to your Bliſs, Illuſtrious Twain
Let not the publick Vows and Pray'rs b' in vain
You firſt, great *Dauphin*, whoſe *Heroick* Veins
The Richeſt ſtock of Royal *Blood* contains:
Embrace with all, the vigour of your mind
The moſt accompliſht *Lady* of her kind,
By Birth your Couſin, and your Spouſe by *Law*
Made by her Sex of you to ſtand in awe
Yet by your choice o're you, to carry ſway;
Who through ſtrong love her Beauty muſt obey,
By Parents will an helpful aid of *Life*
*De*ſign'd by Birth and Vertue for your Wife.
And beauty plighted Faith, and *Love* which knites
Together all the reſt and them units.
If theſe bright Goddeſſes by *Paris* ſeen
Of old upon Mount *Ida's* ſhadie green
*S*hould with joint care you with a Spouſe provide
Cou'd your vaſt wiſhes crave a Nobler Bride?
If matchleſs Beauty your nice fancy move
Behold an Object worthy of your *Love*
How loftily her ſtately front doth riſe
What gentle lightening flaſhes from her eyes
What awful Majeſty her carriage bears
Maturely grave ev'n in her tender years.
Thus outwardly adorn'd, her ſacred mind
In pureſt Qualities comes not behind
Her Nature has the ſeeds of Vertue ſow'n

By Moral *Precepts* to perfection grown
Her Wisdom doth all vicious weeds controul
Such force has Right Instruction on the Soul.
Are you ambitious of an ancient *Line*
Where Heraulds make the *Pompous* Branches shine?
She can an hundred Monarchs reckon o're
Who in a Race unbroke, the Royal Scepter bore
What House of such Antiquity can boast
Where full two thousand years in time are lost?
Tempestuous Storms have oft the *Land* assail'd
Yet Forreign Conquest never here prevail'd:
What Storie tells or what Romance dare feigne
Compar'd with this, is of a modern strain
Are you affected with an ample Dour.
Take all the *Scots* with all their Martial *Pow'r*
I shall not here describe the fruitful soil
Which copiously rewards the *Lab'rers* toil
Their Mynes of Brass and *Lead*, how hill and plain
Are fill'd with Beasts, as Waves with scaly train:
Nor shall I sing what Iron we command
How Golden Ore lyes mixt with common sand
How from Metallier Veins the streams do run
These are admired by the Mob alone
Or such who with vile avarice possest
The more their wealth augments, for more they thirst.
These Glories do the Valiant *Scots* commend
To which no Rival Nation must pretend
In hunting bravely they surround the woods
And swimming with Address, divide the Floods
Nor heat, nor cold, nor hunger them appall
Their Bodies are their Countries firmest wall
Their *Love* of fame is than of *Life* more great
What once they promise is of fixed fate:
None more the Rights of Friendship do regard
And love the person, not his bright reward.

By such like Arts when *Bloody* War was hurl'd
With fatal Desolation throw the World
And Nations did their antient *Laws* forgo
Because the Victors needs would have it so
The *Scots* alone their pristine *Right* enjoy'd
And *Liberty* for which they Nobly dy'd
Here stopt the Gothick fury, here was croſt
The *Saxon* Brav'ries, and the *Danish* luſt,
And all th' efforts which *Normandy* cou'd boaſt.
If you the mouldy Annals will ſurvey
The *Roman* Conqueſt here was at a Bay
Their Eagles which to Southern Countrey flew
And in revenge the rugged *Parthians* ſlew
Whoſe flights th' *Egyptian* heats cou'd not confine
Nor all the chilling damps of frozen Rhine
When they to *Ca'edonia* did reſort
Their Pinions mouldred, and their Arms fell ſhort
When *Romans* had with other Realms to do
A ridge of Mountains limited the foe
Or ſome huge River interpoſ'd his Arms
Or frontier Woods and Waſts ſecur'd from harms
Theſe peaceful barrs by nature fram'd had been
But Art to keep off *Scotland* was call'd in
A coſtly wall and *French* aſſiſtance lend
Which did a Croſs from Sea to Sea extend
Victorious *Rome* did other Nations drive
From their old Seats, or forc't them meanly live
With all the marks of Servitude oppreſt
Eternal drudges, unacquaint with reſt
But here ſhe raiſ'd (to keep her own content)
A Mound, the *Scots* incurſions to prevent
Diſparing of advance, the cauſe ſhe yields
And to GOD *Terminus* a Temple builds
Where *Carons* waves glide through the fruitful Fields.

Think

Think not these daring Sons of *Mars* inur'd
To Arms, have all the liberal Arts abjur'd
When Barbrous Foes the *Roman* bounds o're spread
Thither the Muses for Protection fled
Hence Greek and Roman Learning in full store
By *Charle Main* to *France* was wafted o're
And planted, throve as on their nat'ral shore.
That *Charle Main*, who liv'd and reign'd so well
In goodness as in greatness did excell
That willing Nations own'd him for their Lord,
And join'd to Gallick flowers, th' imperial Bird
This Emp'rour deem'd it no abusing thing
To strike a League with *Caledonia's* King,
A League which neither dint of Sword can break,
Nor wild Sedition from its Center shake:
No mad desire of Sway can give it date,
But only the resistles pow'r of Fate.
Review your Triumphs since that famous Age
And all Confed'rats which did e're engage
To ruine *France*: *France* never won the day,
Unless where *Scottish* Souldiers cutt the Way:
France scarcely ever felt a dismal Blow,
But Floods of *Scottish* Gore the Fields o're flow
This people shar'd their Fortunes ev'ry turn,
With *France* they're jovial, and with *France* they mourn;
Swords threatning *France* they on themselves have draw'n
A Truth to *Dutch* and *English* fully know'n,
Witness the *Po* where *Phaeton* lay slain,
And *Naples* oft contended for in vain.
This *Dour* is brought you by the Royal Maid,
The noblest *D*ourie ever Mortal pai'd
A Nation trusty to the last Degree
And leagu'd to yours in straitest Amity
An happy *Omen* of a cordial Bed,
A Nation never fully conquered,

Tho' toſt with many Perils; hence doth riſe
A ſure Preſage of future Victories.
But you fair Nymph, to whom propitious Heav'n
A Match moſt worthy of your ſelf has giv'n:
Tho charming Wit and Beauty do conſpire,
And all the Graces which the World admire
Themſelves with anxious Conſultations vex,
To dreſs you up the Model of your Sex,
Tho he whom Mankind wiſh to fill the Throne
Inferiour to his God-like *Sire* alone,
Tho' he to you the Royal Scepter vail,
And own you for the Empreſs of his Soul:
Yet know your Sex, and to the Marriage yoke
Inure your ſelf, which Galls the more its chock
Your ſympathizeing Love with Love conſtrain,
And paſſive Valour will a Conqueſt gain.
Behold the foaming Ocean, how he roars,
And on with-ſtanding Rocks his Billows pours,
With ſuch vaſt Force his rageing Waves are born,
The Cliff's almoſt from the Foundation torn,
But where the Shoar in humble Sand is bow'd
And makes a pleaſant Lodging for the God:
He checks his full Carrier and curbs his Pow'r
Strives to be leſs that he may pleaſe the more:
No ſullen Frowns his angry Brows inveſt,
Nor froathing Menaces diſturb his Breaſt,
But with a Viſage calm ſerene and clear
(Such at the Birth of Nature did appear)
He ſkums the bank and glyding back apace.
Comes forward with a Lovers mild Embrace,
See how the manthling Ivie doth infold
Her tender Leafs and on an Oak takes hold,
Till with the tall aſpiring Tree ſhe riſe,
And both together reach the wondring Skies:
Complying Arts will Sullenneſs enhance,
And Love is got and kept by complaiſance.

Let

Let not theſe fonder Thoughts moleſt your mind,
Your Country and your Mothers left behind:
This too's your native Soil what ſhoals of Friends
And kindred on your Nuptial Pomp attends?
A long bleſt Race of Monarchs here have ſway'd
To whom in blood you nearly are ally'd
Look round, all are a kin, where e're you tread
The Mighty Living and the Mightier dead,
Whoſe Actions have Immortaliz'd their Name,
And ſtuck their Merits in the Rolls of Fame
Beſides ther's one behind doth you expect
Compar'd to whom, all elſe you muſt neglect:
The faireſt, braveſt of the Royal Line
By Birth almoſt a *Brother* uterine
But ſhortly he will be to you above
A *Brothers* or a Mothers tender Love
Or any thing that *Laws* do bid us prize
Or Nature ſtronger than all legal tyes.
Now if the gods do not our Vows deceive
And we too fondly what we wiſh believe
A numerous progenie from you ſhall ſpring
Which may your love to firm conſiſtence bring
Such pretty *Boys* and Daughters be your ſhare
One ſmile of whom may baniſh all your care
Sons, as the Father brave, Girles, as the Mother, fair.

Grant me, ye deſtinies, to live ſo long
Till France *and* Scotland's *Union be my ſong*
An Union which may Time and Death defy
And with the Stars have Co-eternity.

FINIS.

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